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SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE. BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE VALENTINE.

THE anniversary of St Valentine's Day, disregarded as it now is in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life; and to them this almost solitary relic of ancient national customs is scarcely less precious, than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their valentines.

It is true that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have from ancient times contained little true poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended.

Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish clerk, if actually possessed of that rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as valentine writer and reader general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerical skill for a smaller consideration than a silver tester, and not unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, as a sort of good-luck offering, from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. Our old parish clerk and sexton (these offices are always united in a country village) was the greatest match-maker in the district, heaven rest his soul! It was, in sooth, his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage service.

Nehemiah Dowton was an ancient bachelor, who, for the honour of the church of which he considered himself a dignitary, avoided all occasion of scandal, by dispensing with the services of a housekeeper, and performing all the domestic offices for himself; by which means he contrived to maintain an unsullied reputation, and to preserve inviolate such of the secrets of the parishioners as were confided to his keeping. In short, Nehemiah was a sort of Protestant Father Lawrence, whom any rustic Juliet among the lambs of his flock might visit and employ in the most delicate affairs with perfect safety.

Nehemiah's memory was well stored with the most approved valentine verses and their variations. An original valentine in those days was a thing of rare appearance, and when received, was perhaps scarcely so well understood or relished as the old-established formula which had descended from generation to generation. Great, however, were the cogitations and consultations between Nehemiah and his clients, if it happened that the latter were desirous of the alteration or interpolation of a couplet or quatrain in one of these standard valentines, in order to make it bear upon some peculiar circumstance or personal feeling. When this was the case, Nehemiah, being slow of study in the art of poetry, generally requested three weeks' or a month's notice to prepare his brief, for which, moreover, he always expected a double fee.

One moonlight evening in January, our rosy dairy-maid Dorcas, after bringing home her flowing pails, and setting out the milk in the red earthenware bowls with which the dairy shelves were neatly ranged, went forth a second time, and made a temporary elopement across the fields and byeways to the residence of old Nehemiah, in order to seek his counsel and assistance in a matter that required the most anxious consideration.

Poor Dorcas had been in very low spirits for the last three months. She had ceased to sing pastoral ditties at milking time, or to move her dairy scrubbing brush with her wonted vivacity; she had eaten no plum pudding on Christmas day, moped during the merry-makings of new year's eve, and refused to have any thing to do with drawing king and queen, or any other of the maskings and mummings practised in the servants' hall on old Christmas night, or the feast of the kings. Dorcas was a person of a secretive disposition, and therefore did not choose to relieve her mind by talking of her disquiet; yet it was pretty generally whispered "that she was crossed in love; for her young man, as she called Peter Fenn, farmer Drake's horse-driver (in Suffolk, ploughmen are always styled 'hoss drivers') had not been to see her for more than twelve Sundays past, so no doubt Peter kept company more with Hannah Brown, Mrs Drake's cook and dairy-maid, which, as she was his partner, was kind of to be expected, and was more convenient for Peter than walking across so many fields and pigsties after Dorcas."

These insinuations had had the effect of saddening all the festivities of that jocund season, and, indeed, of rendering every thing of the kind intolerable to the mortified damsel. It was to no purpose that the other female servants strove to comfort her. Dorcas was sullen and froward with every one in the house. "She did not wish to be pitied," she said, "and begged them to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about her affairs." Furthermore, Dorcas forbade any one to mention the faithless Peter's name in her hearing again, by which prudent step she escaped the mortification of some malicious condolences, and of listening to many aggravating reports of his attentions to her rival; but though her feminine pride, and the reserve natural to her character, induced Dorcas to carry matters off with so much independence, the pent-up grief pressed heavily at her heart, and, after brooding over the subject for some weeks, she suddenly took the resolution of proceeding to our wise man of the parish, Nehemiah, and craving his assistance in carrying her project into execution. Nehemiah was sitting alone at his old oaken table, with an hour-glass before him, spectacles on nose, reading, for the thousandth time, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, when he was interrupted by the appearance of this unexpected visitor.

Dorcas looked like any thing rather than a love-lorn damsel, when she entered with the bright tints of her plump round cheeks heightened by the frosty air and the haste she had used, her flaxen hair blown into dishevelled ringlets, and her gay blue eyes sparkling through her tears. Our monk-like clerk was startled into something like an unwonted note of admiration at the agreeable vision that thus suddenly broke in upon his solitary studies. "My old eyes are quite dazzled through my spectacles, Mistress Dorcas, by those rosy cheeks of yours, that look brighter than Christmas berries to-night. Oh, lauk! oh, lauk! if I were but a young man for your sake!" cried Nehemiah, holding up his lamp, and scanning his comely visitor from head to foot. Dorcas turned away with a toss of the head. "Well, well, young woman, don't be scornful," said Nehemiah; "civility is always worth a smile in payment, and I dare say now you want me to do something for you that you can't do for yourself." Dorcas placed a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a silver tester, on the old oaken table before Nehemiah, with a deep blush and a heavy sigh.

Nehemiah understood a hint as well as some persons would a succinct direction. He shut his psalter, trimmed his lamp, turned his hour-glass, reached down his ink-horn, arranged the sheet of virgin paper

in the proper position on the back of a superannated leather letter-case, that had once been, like the ink-horn and oaken table, vestry furniture—tried the nib of the pen against his thumb-nail, then dipping it into the ink-horn, motioned to Dorcas to take a seat on the carved church-chest, in which he kept his Sabbath suit of rusty black and the parson's surplice—looked the damsel full in the face, and, pointing significantly to the paper, required her instructions in the following laconic terms:—"Epistle or valentine?" "Valentine," ejaculated Dorcas, in a faltering voice. "Good," said Nehemiah, referring for the day of the month to Moore's old almanac, which reposed beside his psalter. "Let me see—oh, January 21st; St Agnes to speed; lucky day, Dorcas, for love affairs." "Ah, Master Nehemiah, I wish you may be right," sobbed Dorcas; "but, indeed, I isn't at all comfortable in my own mind; no, nor I hasn't been of a long time—not ever since Michaelmas, as I may say, when that good-for-nothing hussy Hannah Brown let herself into farmer Drake's house, so that she might live partner with my young man, Peter Fenn. He has never fared like the same young man since, and she do boast that he keep company with her instead of me. I should never have thought of Peter for a sweetheart, if he hadn't comed a suitoring arter me Sunday arter Sunday, and last year he sent me the prettiest valentine that ever was found, tied to the latch of the neat-house door, with three sugar kisses and a pink peppermint heart in it." "What were the words?" "Oh, Mr Nehemiah, for you to forget them beautiful words, when you was the very person what read them for me, and writ the answer to go to him on old valentine's day in reply!" "Ah, I remember something about it now," said Nehemiah; "but, really, Mistress Dorcas, I write so many valentines, that though I have them all in my head, I seem to forget which goes to which. I am getting an old man now, pretty Dorcas, just on my sixty-six; but it wasn't always so, nor I didn't at one time need to wear 'sights,'" pursued the clerk, taking off his spectacles, and wiping the glasses on a corner of his visitor's apron. "What was your valentine last year, young woman, did you say?" "Why, Master Nehemiah, I hasn't forgotten it, if you have," replied Dorcas, "for it was a proper pretty one; don't you recollect these lines,

If you are ready, I am willing,
All the pretty birds are billing,
And, like them, we'll both be singing,
When we set the bells a-ringing.
Join heart, join hand, and faith with mine,
And take me for your valentine."

"Ay, that was the one," cried Nehemiah; "sure I ought to recollect it, as you say, when it was all of my own writing; and wasn't there the picture of a hen and a few chickens drawn at the bottom by way of an emblem?" "Certainly," replied Dorcas; "and against the hen was written, 'this here hen is you, Dorcas; when you are my wife,

Like this bird that struts in pride,
With all those chickens by her side,
You shall be when you're my bride."

"I know all about it," said Nehemiah; "and I wrote for you in answer,

I am single for your sake,
Happy couple we should make,
Oh, how bright the sun did shine
When I saw my valentine."

And the emblem I limned for you in answer to his was two hearts painted with red ink, and linked together with a yellow wedding ring, to signify as if we were gold; and the posy was,

These two hearts are yours and mine,
When I wed my valentine."

"Ah," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "that will never come

to pass now. I fear, and I am going to send him a different kind of valentine this year." "Of course you will," responded Nehemiah; "it wouldn't be no kind of use sending the same thing two years running, and you have plenty of time to choose another, you know; so, now, what shall it be?" "It shall begin 'The rose is red,'" said Dorcas, with great solemnity. "Good," replied the amanuensis, writing down that most approved truism of valentine poetry. "The violet's blue," pursued he mechanically, repeating the usual continuation of the sentence; but Dorcas hastily interposed with a "Pray, sir, don't say any thing about violets this year." "What, then, am I to say after 'the rose is red'?" "Why," replied Dorcas, "it must be 'the leaves are green.'" "Very true, young woman," rejoined Nehemiah, placing the tip of his forefinger against the side of his nose; "I know the one you mean; it runs thus:

The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen."

"That's a sure thing," sighed Dorcas; "well, sir, have you wrote that down?" "All in good time, young woman," said Nehemiah, who was a slow scribe, and always formed his letters in the most methodical manner, his head gently following the motion of his pen through all its evolutions, with his tongue elongated and protruding beyond his lips, and his chin screwed up all on one side, indicating dots of i's, crosses of t's, and finishing strokes to f's, by significant nods and winks; and whenever he executed a capital letter, he testified his admiration of its appearance by an appropriate grin.

Dorcas sat meantime in a state of great mental excitement, with her mouth open, and her round blue eyes full of tears, watching with intense interest the pen of her amanuensis, and shaking her foot and drumming with her fingers on the table at the same time, as a sort of ventilation to the inward travail of her spirit. "Young woman," cried Nehemiah, "that out (wont) do!—If you go on beating the devil's tattoo on my table, how do you think I can write your valentine? I never can spell right when any body does that." "Lauk, sir," rejoined Dorcas, "I begs your pardon; I didn't know how *nervous* you were. But how far have you got?" "Why, as far as you told me, 'The days are past that we have seen.' I s'pose you would like it to finish,

If your heart's constant, so is mine,
And so good morrow, valentine."

"Oh, dear, Mister Nehemiah, I wish I only durst say that," cried Dorcas, putting her apron to her eyes; "but how can I, when he hasn't been to see me for twelve Sundays past, and folks do say he keeps company with that impudent hussy, Hannah Brown." "Pooh, pooh, Dorcas, for you shouldn't give ear to all that folks say." "No more I doesn't, any more than I can help," said Dorcas; "and I shouldn't believe any thing they do say, if Peter hadn't behaved so very neglecting to me ever since she has lived partner with him, and I want you to put a hint of that in the valentine."

Nehemiah took up the sixpence with a significant look, and twisted it on the board, as much as to say, "You have not come down with the proper fee for that sort of business."

Dorcas understood the hint, and, drawing a small red leather purse with a tinsel edge from her bosom, and turning it south downwards, she shook its last coin, another sixpence, into her rosy palm, and pushed it towards the greedy scribe. "It's a crooked one," said she, "and I did keep it for luck; howsoever, as I have paid my shoemaker's bill, and bought my winter parcel with my Christmas wages, and hasn't got a debt in the world, I suppose I'm free to part with it."

The heart of the bachelor ecclesiastic was softened by the pathetic tone in which the simple Dorcas entered into this explanation of the state of her finances, and he actually returned both the lucky sixpence and the one she had previously tendered, and professed his intention of "not only writing the valentine, but furnishing the extra poetry she required, gratis." Those who may think highly of Nehemiah's generosity on this occasion, can form no adequate idea of the extreme pains which it always cost him to compound a rhyme. Truly, if our parish clerk had been paid a guinea a couplet, it would have been hard-earned money to him. In the present instance, he was only required to produce an answering line to rhyme to this octo-syllabic interrogative, which was *imposed* on the spot by the distressed damsel herself.

"How can you slight your only dear?" "Well," quoth the amanuensis, after he copied this moving query from Dorcas's dictation on the slate which he always used in original compositions, to prevent the unnecessary ruin of a sheet of paper, "what comes next?" "Why, lauk, Mr Nehemiah, sir, that is just what I am posed about," cried Dorcas, "and what I s'pected you to be able to tell me, as you are such a s'prising scholar, and understands almost every thing." "Don't you know that it is an awkwardish kind of business to find a rhyme just at a minute's notice, young woman," replied Nehemiah, gravely. "That's a sure thing," responded Dorcas again; "for as true as I'm alive, Mister Nehemiah, I have muddled my brains for the last three weeks, day and night, to try to fish out a rhyme to that there what I just told you, and it is a mercy that I didn't forget that by the way. Howsoever, now I talks of that, I must scamper home as fast as I can, and give our poor wrenn (weanling) calves their suppers, or they'll raise such a dismal doleful arther their wittles and drink, that my partners will hear the poor dumb dears blaring, and wonder what I am up to, that I hasn't waited on them afore this time a-night. And so, Mister Nehemiah, when you have made a proper consideration, I hope you'll be able to finish that there valentine what we are writing to Peter." "We, quotha!" cried the scribe, with no less scorn than the organist felt when the organ-blower talked of "our music." "If we had no more to do with it than you have, Peter would go without a valentine, I believe." "Well, Mister Nehemiah, don't fare so ugly to be vexed," rejoined our Suffolk Sappho of low degree; "of course it's I what sends the valentine, and you writes it; so it is our valentine, or at least I hope it will, when you've finished it up."

Poor Nehemiah did his utmost endeavour to comply with Dorcas's request, and to finish up her valentine; but the more he tried, the farther off he seemed from the desired conclusion. Rhymes enough there were to "dear," no doubt, but none of them occurred to Nehemiah, save the very inappropriate substantives *beer* and *steer*; and what had they to do with the jealousy and grief of a forsaken maiden, who was desirous of addressing a short pathetic remonstrance in amatory rhymes to her truant lover? So Nehemiah rejected both *beer* and *steer* as answering rhymes to "only dear;" and then he thought of *clear*, and *hear*, and fear, but could make nothing to the purpose with them. For three successive nights Nehemiah got no sleep for the mental travail he endured in this undertaking; "the Sabbath dawned, no day of rest to him," for even when he entered upon his ecclesiastical duties, his thoughts were profanely labouring at the provoking half couplet he was expected to complete, and he committed a series of blunders quite astonishing to the vicar and congregation. Thrice did he read the parson's verses instead of his own in the psalms, twice he groaned out "Oh dear!" instead of "Amen," and once he ejaculated an audible "Amen" in the middle of the sermon.

Never was a solitary bachelor who had no experience in love affairs of his own, so perplexed about compounding love verses for others. Still it was only half a couplet after all that was required of him, but that half couplet comprised more difficulties in its brief space than Nehemiah could master. "It hadn't no reason in it," he said, and he could not make any thing of a seasonable nature to jingle with it, though he kept counting up on his fingers with every word that was any thing like a clink to "dear."

Many were the clandestine visits that Dorcas contrived to make to Nehemiah, to hear "if he had finished up their valentine," but all were fruitless; a fortnight glided away, and still the unfinished couplet remained on Nehemiah's slate, without an answering rhyme, hanging up behind the door. At last, in the middle of his master's sermon, a thought popped into Nehemiah's noddle, which he considered so felicitous, that, lest it should escape again, and be for ever lost to Dorcas, Peter, and the world, he, with a trembling hand, stole forth his brass pencil case, and privily booked it on the fly leaf of the parish prayer book, though it was even in his own opinion a positive act of sacrilege. But the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was impossible to lose this precious line,

"To court another, as I hear,"

which made so pretty and applicable a conclusion to the first line of the couplet,

"How can you slight your only dear?"

Dorcas, however, was not satisfied with it; she protested "that it had no particular signification. She wanted to give Peter a hint who it was that he slighted her for," she said.

Nehemiah was highly provoked at the dissatisfaction of his fair client, and told her, "if she did not like that ending, she must finish it herself, for it had been more trouble to him than twenty christenings with deaf god-fathers." Dorcas replied, "that it wasn't of no use sending it as it was," and passionately besought him, as it still wanted a week to valentine's day, that he would make a further consideration for the purpose of finishing up the valentine. Nehemiah found it impossible to resist the entreaties of such a buxom nymph as our love-lorn dairy-maid, so he fairly suffered himself to be hag-ridden for nearly another week with "the confounded couplet," as he called it; and it was not till the very eve of St Valentine, just as Dorcas was lifting the latch of his door to make a last almost hopeless inquiry, "if he had finished up their valentine?" that another bright idea popped into his head. "Come in, Dorcas, dear!" he exclaimed, in his ecstasy; "I have thought of it now." "Well," cried Dorcas, fixing her round blue eyes upon the inspired clerk in eager expectation, "what is it?" "Hand me the slate that I may put it down, and then I'll tell you. No, I won't tell you, but I will read it all together," continued he, as he inscribed the parish-valentine slate with the precious morsel, which he called "a very 'spectable finish up" to the long-halting lyric. "Now, then, for it!" cried he, and, after clearing his throat with "Hi! ha! hum!" he read in a pompous chanting recitative,

The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen,
How can you slight your only dear,
For one who lives so near?"

"That will do!" cried Dorcas, snapping her fingers, and by no means missing the two lacking feet in the metre, in her extreme satisfaction at Nehemiah having hit upon something that would fulfil her intention of giving Peter an intimation that she was aware of the proximity of the rival whose wiles had supplanted her. The valentine was duly transcribed on the sheet of paper without any accident of blot or blur, folded up, sealed with the top of Dorcas's thimble, and wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, addressed "to Mister Peter Fenn, huss-driver, at Mister Drake, farmer. With speed."

This billet was discovered by Peter on the morning of valentine's day, reposing in the corn measure out of which he was accustomed to deal the first feed of oats to his horses. He secured it with much satisfaction, though the contents of course remained a mystery to the unlettered swain. According to his own account, however, "it made him fare very comfortable all the morning, for he took it to plough with him in his waistcoat pocket, but thought it must have burned a hole there, he did so long to know who it came from, and what it was about, but he durstn't loose the horses till noon while they were baiting," and then he lost his own dinner by running off to the clerk's house to get his valentine read.

Nehemiah protested he was quite hoarse with reading valentines that morning, there had been such a power of young people up with their valentines for him to read, and some that did not belong to the parish too, and who brought valentines that were very hard to make any sense of; however, those young people who had a parish clerk that could not read writing were certainly objects of charity, and he did all his possibilities to make out all he

could for them. At length, his harangue being at an end, he extended his hand for Peter's billet-doux, and gratified his longing ears by making him acquainted with the contents.

Peter was greatly touched by the tender reproach contained in the hopping couplet that had so long baffled Nehemiah's powers of rhyming. "Apray, Mister Nehemiah," said he, "doesn't that come from Dorcas Mayflower?" Nehemiah calmly replied, "I believe it do." "Well, master," rejoined Peter, seating himself on the old church-chest, "I don't think I have used that *gal* well." "That is a sure thing, young man," said Nehemiah, "but you know your own business best, I s'pose." "I can't say as how I do," replied Peter, in a doleful whine; "for I have got into a sort of hobble between Dorcas and another young woman." "Whose fault is that?" asked Nehemiah. "Why, I s'pose Dorcas thinks it be my fault," responded Peter; "but that other *gal* would not let me be at quiet, and was always axing me for my company, and making so much of me when I come in at meal times, that, somehow or other, I was forced to stay at home with her on Sunday evenings, instead of going to see Dorcas, because she always went into *high-stricks* if I talked of going after Dorcas. But I tell you what, Mister Nehemiah, I am right sick of her nonsense; for, as true as I'm alive, I do think she henpecks me all the same as if she were my wife." "Serve you right, young man, I say, if you are *ful* big enough to put up with it." "Why," responded Peter, "I wouldn't, if I could get my neck out of the collar, as the saying is. But what is your advice?" "You hain't paid me for reading that there valentine yet," observed Nehemiah. Peter drew out a yellow canvass bag, capacious enough to have served the squire, and disbursed the expected sixpence.

"Thank you, young man," said the clerk; "and now I'll tell you what I would do if so be as I were situated as you are; I would just give my banns put up with Dorcas next Sunday." "Oh, lauk!" cried Peter, "that wot do, for I'm letten to master till Michaelmas, and he wot approve of my entering another service, and a pretty life I should lead with Hannah in the house with me all the time the banns were being axed; and then I'm not quite certain that Dorcas would consent to that, for she holds her head properly high when we meet now, and I can't say as how I like the thoughts of humbling to her, she is such a proud toad." "No wonder," said Nehemiah, "for half the young fellows in the parish are ready to hang themselves for love of her; and if you don't take care, you will be left in the lurch while you are playing fast and loose, and halting like an ass between two bundles of hay; for Dorcas isn't a girl that is reduced to go a-suitoring to a young man like your partner Hannah. If you were to know all the sixpences and shillings I have taken for writing valentines to her this week, you'd begin to look about you." "For writing valentines to my Dorcas!" whined Peter, in dismay; "why, apray, who did you write them for, Mister Nehemiah?" "That isn't fair to ask," said the scribe, "because I might get into trouble if I told tales out of school."

Peter sat and bit his nails in a profound fit of meditation for several minutes; at last he rose up with a foolish grin, and said, "I'll tell you what, Mister Nehemiah; I'll send Dorcas a valentine myself, and you shall write it for me." "Against *our* valentine's day, I s'pose you mean." "No, but I does; I means this blessed young St Valentine's day," quoth Peter; "and fellows like you may wait till *our* St Valentine's day, but I'm for the young saint, if so be you can make it convenient to get it down against I take my hosses off at six in the evening." "That depends upon circumstances," replied Nehemiah; "and what sort of a one you want to have." "Why," said Peter, "my grandmother had a *bootiful* one sent to her by her first husband when she fancied he slighted her, and I dare say she would lend it to me for you to pattern after." "I dare say I know your grandmother's valentine," said Nehemiah, "if you can tell me how it begins." "I think I can," said Peter.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
I swear I never loved but you;
The turtle never doubts her mate,
Then why should you, my bonny Kate?"

"That won't do," interrupted Nehemiah; "for Dorcas can't stand in Kate's shoes." "No, but we might change the sense, and I really do think I shall turn a *pôte*." "It isn't quite so easy to turn *pôte*, as you call it," said Nehemiah; "however, I'll get my slate and write down all the pötery you can say." "Then," said Peter, "you must put down

The turtle never doubts the dove,
Then why doubt me, my only love?"

"That isn't out of your own head, Peter?" cried Nehemiah. "Never you mind that, old fellow, but put down what I bid you, for there's more in my head than you think of, 'praps," said Peter; "only I must go and see arter my hosses now, for it's time for our second journey, but I will stop here at half-past six, and tell you the rest; and if you get it fairly written out for me, and two doves, with a wedding ring in their bills, drafted on to the paper, I'll tip you a whole shilling, and show you that I am a cap-able *pôte* in spite of all your *cismas*."

Nehemiah, who was by no means disposed to cherish an infant muse in his own parish, treated these indications of Peter's dawning genius with a certain dry sarcastic acerbity, which showed that nature had intended him for a reviewer, not a bard. Peter, however, like most youthful rhymsters, was too much taken up with his own newly discovered powers of jingling, to allow his poetic ardour to be chilled by the discouragement of an elder brother in the art. "Now, Mister Nehemiah," cried he, when he burst into the clerk's cottage as soon as he had finished his appointed tasks in the field and the stable, "what do you think of this for a finish to our valentine?"

'Tis you alone I mean to marry,
Then why, sweet Dorcas, should we tarry?
The birds have all chosen their mates for the year,
But I'm not so happy—I wait for my dear;
My heart is still constant, and if you'll be mine,
Say 'Yes,' and 'for ever,' my own valentine!"

"Think!" said Nehemiah, "that it's well worth half-a-crown to write down such a lot of out-of-the-way stuff, Peter; and I don't believe your grandmother ever had such a valentine in her life." "Why, she certainly hadn't any thing about my Dorcas for all that in mine, and the rest of it what suit my own case I made while I was at plough." "No wonder all the parish make a mock of your crooked furrows, young man, if you waste your master's time and let your horses work the land in hills and vales while you are muddling your head after such nonsense; I hope you don't mean to send that to the girl; she won't know what to make of it." "Oh, won't she?" cried Peter; "come, get your slate, and scratch away, or we shan't get it written down o' this side midnight." With a very ill grace Nehemiah complied, and it was only through the prevailing rhetoric of a third squire that Peter at length had the satisfaction of seeing his valentine completed, sealed, and indorsed as follows:—"For Miss Dorcas Mayflower, dairy-maid, at the Squire's great white house. In haste."

Dorcas was made happy by the receipt of the welcome missive that very night, and slept with it under her pillow. The following evening, after milking, she paid another stolen visit to the parish clerk, to be enlightened as to the nature of its contents; and as she left Nehemiah's cottage with a joyous heart and bounding step, she encountered the author of the precious rhymes lingering among the ruins of St Edmund's Abbey. All differences were made up between the lately estranged lovers during their walk home. Peter stood the storm of Hannah's wrath and disappointment with the firmness of a stoic all the time the banns of matrimony between him and Dorcas Mayflower were in progress of publication in our parish church; and in spite of all the high-stericks she could get up on the occasion, the nuptials were duly solemnised between the village valentines at the earliest possible day.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

CASES OF BLINDNESS REMOVED IN ADULTS.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of the eighteenth century, neither the skill nor the instruments of surgeons sufficed to remove impediments to sight. The first case that has been recorded occurred in 1728, when the celebrated Cheselden operated upon a boy of fourteen, who had been blind either from birth, or from a time antecedent to all memory of seeing. The pupils of this boy's eyes were impervious to light, while the general structure of the organ was quite sound. The operator introduced a needle with a single cutting edge through the sclerotic coat—then passed it into the posterior chamber of the eye, through the iris, making a transverse cut in that membrane as he withdrew it. The images of objects now reached the retina, and the boy saw, but his perceptions were unexpectedly confused and imperfect. He thought that the objects touched his eyes, and shrunk from them as hurtful. He knew not the shape of any thing, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude. He could not fix his eyes on any object, and only acquired this power by slow degrees. These curious results attracted much notice from speculators in mental science, and gave rise to a somewhat rash conclusion that one sense must be corrected by another, as sight by feeling, in order that we may arrive at just conclusions.

In 1826, the distinguished living surgeon, Mr Wardrop, of London, operated in a case, where the results were, if possible, more remarkable. The patient was an unmarried lady in her forty-seventh year, who had been born blind. A Parisian oculist, to whom she was submitted when about six months old, had attempted her cure; but the only result of his operations was an inflammation in the right eye, which was completely destroyed. When she applied to Mr Wardrop, that eye was found collapsed, while the left possessed its natural globular form, with a transparent cornea, but obliterated pupil. To pursue the narrative of the case given in the *Philosophical Transactions*:—"The lady could distinguish a very dark room from a very light one, but was not able in the latter case to perceive the situation of the window from which the light came. From this circumstance Mr Wardrop conceived that the retina was in a fit state for receiving the impressions of light, if the obstruction to its admission into the eye was removed, and consequently determined on the performance of an operation with this view. On the 26th of January, he operated on this lady, after which she could perceive more light, although she was unable to distinguish either forms or colours. The result of the first attempt justified the favourable views entertained of the state of the retina, and the propriety of a second operation was determined on. On the 8th of February, Mr Wardrop repeated the operation, after which the power of vision was not much increased. The operation was again performed on the 17th of the same month, with complete success. She returned home in a carriage from the house in which the operation was performed, with her eye covered only with a loose piece of silk. The first thing she noticed was a hackney coach passing, when she exclaimed, 'What is that large thing that has passed by us?' In the course of the evening she requested her brother to show her his watch, concerning which she expressed much curiosity, and she looked at it a con-

siderable time, holding it close to her eye. The next day Mr Wardrop asked her to look again at the watch, which she refused to do, saying the light was offensive to her eye, and that she felt very stupid; meaning that she was much confused by the visible world thus for the first time opened to her. On the third day she observed the doors on the opposite side of the street, and asked if they were red, but they were in fact of an oak colour.

On the sixth day, she told us that she saw better than she had done on any preceding day; 'but I cannot tell what I do see; I am quite stupid.' She seemed, indeed, bewildered, from not being able to combine the knowledge acquired by the senses of touch and sight, and felt disappointed in not having the power of distinguishing at once by her eye, objects which she could so readily distinguish from one another by feeling them.

On the seventh day, she took notice of the mistress of the house in which she lodged, and observed that she was tall. She asked what the colour of her gown was; to which she was answered, that it was blue: 'so is that thing on your head,' she then observed; which was the case: 'and your handkerchief, that is a different colour;' which was also correct. She added, 'I see you pretty well, I think.' The teacups and saucers underwent an examination: 'What are they like?' her brother asked her. 'I don't know,' she replied; 'they look very queer to me; but I can tell what they are in a minute when I touch them.' She distinguished an orange on the chimney-piece, but could form no notion of what it was till she touched it. She seemed now to have become more cheerful, and entertained greater expectation of comfort from her admission into the visible world; and she was very sanguine that she would find her newly acquired faculty of more use to her when she returned home, where every thing was familiar to her.

Eighteen days after the last operation had been performed, Mr Wardrop attempted to ascertain, by a few experiments, the precise notions of the colour, size, forms, position, motions, and distances of external objects. As she could only see with one eye, nothing could be ascertained respecting the question of double vision. She evidently saw the difference of colours; that is, she received and was sensible of different impressions from different colours. When pieces of paper, one and a half inch square, differently coloured, were presented to her, she not only distinguished them at once from one another, but gave a decided preference to some colours, liking yellow most, and then pale pink. It may be here mentioned, that when desirous of examining an object, she had considerable difficulty in directing her eye to it, and finding out its position, moving her hand as well as her eye in various directions, as a person when blindfolded, or in the dark, gropes with his hands for what he wishes to touch. She also distinguished a large from a small object, when they were both held up before her for comparison. She said she saw different forms in various objects which were shown to her. On asking what she meant by different forms, such as long, round, and square, and desiring her to draw with her finger these forms on her other hand, and then presenting to her eye the respective forms, she pointed to them exactly: she not only distinguished small from large objects, but knew what was meant by above and below; to prove which, a figure drawn with ink was placed before her eye, having one end broad and the other narrow, and she saw the positions as they really were, and not inverted. She could also perceive motions; for when a glass of water was placed on the table before her, on approaching her hand near it, it was moved quickly to a greater distance, upon which she immediately said, 'You move it; you take it away.'

She seemed to have the greatest difficulty in finding out the distance of any object; for when an object was held close to her eye, she would search for it by stretching her hand far beyond its position, while, on other occasions, she groped close to her own face for a thing far removed from her.

She learned with facility the names of the different colours, and two days after the coloured papers had been shown to her, on coming into a room, the colour of which was crimson, she observed that it was red. She also observed some pictures hanging on the red wall of the room in which she was sitting, distinguishing several small figures in them, but not knowing what they represented, and admiring the gilt frames. On the same day, she walked round the pond in St James's Square, and was pleased with the glistening of the sun's rays on the water, as well as with the blue sky and green shrubs, the colours of which she named correctly.

It may be here observed, that she had yet acquired by the use of her sight but very little knowledge of any forms, and was unable to apply the information gained by this new sense, and to compare it with what she had been accustomed to acquire by her sense of touch. When, therefore, the experiment was made of giving her a silver pencil-case and a large key to examine with her hands, she discriminated and knew each distinctly; but when they were placed on the table, side by side, though she distinguished each with her eye, yet she could not tell which was the pencil-case and which was the key.

From this period till the time of her leaving London, on the 31st of March, being forty-two days after the operation, she had acquired a pretty accurate notion of colours, their different shades and names. Her knowledge of distance and of forms was very incom-

plete, and there was considerable difficulty in directing the eye to an object. She, however, entertained the hope, that when she got home, her knowledge of external things would be more accurate and intelligible, and that, when she came to look at those objects which had been so long familiar to her touch, the confusion which the multiplicity of external objects now caused, would in a great measure subside."

From the results in this case, the same inferences might have been drawn as in those of Cheselden's case, namely, that one sense does not of itself give correct impressions, but requires for that purpose some aid from touch. But we believe that a better explanation of the phenomena has been given by one who dissents from the old system of the metaphysicians, our excellent townsman Dr Andrew Combe. In a paper by that gentleman in the *Phrenological Journal* (1828), there are some interesting speculations on the subject, which we shall abridge for the benefit of a more extensive circle of readers.

It is necessary, in the first place (Dr Combe justly remarks), to inquire what are the conditions necessary for distinct vision. "These conditions," he says, "regard three distinct parts, the eye-ball, the optic nerve, and the brain. The eye-ball is an organ composed of various membranes and transparent humours, nicely adapted to the properties of light, and by means of which a picture or image of external objects is formed upon the thin expansion of the optic nerve [this thin expansion is the retina], to be thence transmitted to the brain and mind, there to give rise to the various perceptions belonging to this sense. That it may suit its focus and direction to the particular objects which we wish to examine, it is capable of motion in all directions, and for this purpose is supplied with muscles, which are under the guidance of the will, and by means of which both eyes are preserved in the same parallel, so that one eye cannot be turned to a side without the other instantly following it. Hence, in regard to the eye-ball, to have correct vision, he must have all its membranes healthy, so that the luminous rays may enter it, its humours plump and transparent, so that the rays of light may pass through them, and its muscles implicitly under command, so that it may be steadily directed to its proper object." A command of the muscles connected with the eye-ball is so important, that individuals who lost that command have been supposed to be blind, the pupil being directed upwards under the eye-lid. In other cases, the eye has rolled so quickly about in its socket, that the appearance of objects was the same as when we look at a thing which is dancing or vibrating rapidly before us, or through a telescope which is shaken by the wind.

"The next point in vision is the state of the optic nerve. If it is sound, it conveys a clear and defined image to the mind and brain; but if it is diseased or wounded, the image, although formed upon the retina, is not transmitted, and no consciousness of its presence exists."

A third essential requisite consists, according to the learned physician, in those faculties in the brain which take cognisance of the form, magnitude, number, and colour of objects. Individuals have these in different proportions. Rubens excelled in the colours, but not the forms of the objects which he painted. Many are apt in arithmetical calculation; others are the reverse. And so on. If there be any truth in the doctrine which holds that there are faculties in the brain relative to form, magnitude, number, and colours, and that they are in different strength in different individuals, it necessarily must follow that the readiness of a person who has newly received sight to distinguish forms, sizes, numbers, and colours, will depend in some degree on the native force of those faculties in his or her particular brain.

All those requisites for correct vision are apt to be greatly affected by their having been in or out of exercise. The eye-ball of a blind person usually remains steady, with the site of the pupil in one direction. He makes no use of the muscles which a seeing person is constantly employing to move the eye about in search of or in following objects. His native power over these muscles must, according to the usual law, be diminished; and when sight comes, he is, in this respect, nearly in the same predicament with a newly born child. Some time must elapse before he acquires the command of those muscles. And such has actually been the case with the individuals who have obtained sight in mature life. The optic nerve may, in like manner, lose part of its susceptibility from not having been exercised. That the parts concerned in the mental operations lose part of their power, is pretty clearly proved. Every mental faculty is manifestly under the law by which exercise strengthens, and non-exercise weakens. That mental power by which colours are distinguished and enjoyed, must be in a great measure dormant in a blind man, for he never has had an opportunity of exercising it. Those which perceive form, magnitude, and numbers, must also be in most instances comparatively dormant, for he can scarcely have used them so much through the instrumentality of touch, as he would have done through the medium of sight, had he possessed it. The effect of want of sight on the brain has been partly subjected to the test of actual observation and experiment. In old one-eyed horses, a deficiency in the *anterior corpus quadrigeminum* (the *corpora quadrigemina* are four tubercles situated between the cerebrum and the cerebellum, near the termination of the optic nerves) has been found

on the side corresponding with the deficient eye. Dr Vimont took a number of rabbits, in four of which he extinguished the right, and in four the left eye, while in one he extinguished both. The result in ten months, when the animals were killed, was, that a deficiency of sight in any one of the organs was found to have been attended with a diminution of the corresponding portion of the *anterior corpus quadrigemum*, while a deficiency in both eyes produced a diminution in both portions of that part of the brain.

It would appear, then, supposing all these premises to be correct, that, when a person in mature life has submitted to an operation which is said to have given him his sight, it should be no matter of surprise if he be not all at once in the enjoyment of the powers possessed by the bulk of his fellow-creatures. He has in the very first place to acquire a control over the muscles which move the eye-ball; till which time, every thing must appear to dance before him. Supposing the optic nerve to be sound, the light must be for a long time offensive to it, so that it cannot at first be used with any comfort. Finally, those mental faculties which either cannot act at all, or very imperfectly, without sight, must have lost power and activity, and cannot be expected to be very apt at their respective functions for some time. Much mental confusion and perplexity may also be fairly expected when objects are submitted to a new sense, and hence the difficulty which Mr Wardrop's patient experienced in telling, when she saw them, the names of things with which she was quite familiar by touch.

ALBUMS.

(The following well-aimed little paper is from a small volume of original miscellaneous pieces, chiefly of a pious nature, entitled "The Invalid's Book." London, Darton and Clark, 1831.)

AMIDST all the grievances with which society is infested, there is one, more predominant and incorrigible than the rest. Its presence darkens the sunshine of social intercourse; it combines in formidable array the qualities of war, famine, and pestilence, with which it desolates the sacred regions of taste and sentiment. It is a ghost which haunts the boudoir and tea-table, which drives common sense out of his wits, and sends affrighted genius in a vain search after him. It is a being who can boast of no long line of ancestry, no historical fame; a being who has started up in these latter days, the offspring of romance and folly; and usurps dominion over the heads and hearts of the multitude. I allude to the *Album*—a creature whose existence should never have been permitted to continue—a hydra-headed monster, who now needs a Herculean arm to complete its destruction. Even while I write, I am trembling from the effects of its power.

Sated with study, which in its proper season is my pleasure and recreation, and sick of honours and degrees, I gladly turned my back upon *Alma Mater*, to enjoy during the short winter vacation the delights of the home fire-side.

All the family were to be assembled to welcome me; and, as I travelled onward, my gay imagination took in the whole range of the domestic circle, biped and quadruped. I pass over the meetings and the greetings; they need no description; they are such as occur to all in the days of their youth:

—“Whoe’er has loved, will from their hearts supply,
And they who have not, will but hear and smile.”

All was harmony uninterrupted for the first fortnight; the chief object of attention being of course that individual, who was considered to have brought an accession of dignity to the family by his literary honours. But, at the end of the time I mention, some young friends of my sisters, to whom I was expected to play the agreeable, were added to our party. The civilities of the first day were not over, when lo! after tea, the ladies, one and all, said they had a request to prefer, and hoped I would write in their Albums.

“Excuse me,” said I: “I have always protested against the invention of Albums.”

“Indeed he has,” said my eldest sister; “and in his last letter, alluding to his home visit, he said,

—“And, above all,
Keep Albums from my sight.”

“And I,” said my cousin Mary, laughing, “shall add Warwick’s response—

“Behold them here!”

“O yes! Mr —, a piece in your own handwriting would be so valuable!” said another of my fair tormentors.

“Well, then,” I replied, “as I am the most obliging person in the world, furnish me, sisters, with a volume in the Della Cruscan or the L—ian style, and I will try and select something very appropriate.”

“Now, brother, you are quizzing us; I know you cannot endure that sort of poetry.”

“And oh! Mr —, we must have an original piece; some of your own.”

“Indeed, ladies, I have no genius for poetry!” “But you can write it in other languages; and why not in our own?” “The very reason, madam, that I am unable to compose the graceful, flowing, meandering verse which you require.”

“If you will not write,” said Miss S —, “it shall be any thing you please.”

“But I cannot pay compliments, and those are essential to a lady’s Album.”

The fair petitioners looked as if they thought me

incorrigible; and yet, like all their sex, they were resolved to gain their point.

“You do not mean to condemn Albums altogether, sir?” said Miss G.

“Not if you can bring me a rational one; such as I never saw yet.”

“Oh, how severe you are!” said Miss L.

“Not undeservedly so,” said I; “and if I write the natural history of an Album, I shall say it was a being which was never intended to exist; for its qualities render it an unfit inhabitant for this world or any other.”

“Oh,” said Mary, “I suppose it savours too much of the *bas bleu*, and all gentlemen dislike that.”

“By no means, dear Mary; there is nothing necessarily ‘bleu’ in an Album; but there is always an affectation of it, and that is one proof of their mischievous tendency.”

“But there’s Mrs N.,” said Mary, “she is really a clever woman, and yet she has an Album.”

“Her daughter, however,” said my sister, “banished *hers*, because one day her sentimental female attendant approached her with a pink-leaved, golden-edged book, begging permission to show her a beautiful poem, which Lady L.’s maid had written in her Album.”

“Indeed!” said I, “that is a march of intellect quite to be expected from the taste of the age, and sufficient to deter me from following the steps of such poetasters.”

Notwithstanding my ridicule, and my protestations against writing, I was so teased again the next morning, that, in order to get clear of my tormentors, I carried three Albums under each arm, and escaped up stairs with them, that I might see if it were possible to comply with the wishes of our visitors.

Curiosity prompted me to examine the contents of the volumes in my possession; and that examination was quite sufficient to put to flight all poetical ideas, and to forbid the exercise of my pen in the cause. I refrained from all undue expressions of wrath, though ever and anon they were ready to burst from my lips, as I convicted page after page of the wilful murder of common sense and good taste; and much as I was tempted to commit to the flames all my enemies, I restrained my ire, with the determination to make the best of my opportunity to bring the subject before an enlightened public.

The first gay and doubly perfumed volume which I opened, appeared to be the property of a lady of the name of *Lydia*, as it commenced with an acrostic on her name, written evidently by an early playmate or school-fellow:—

“Loved one, when thou in youth’s glad days wert nigh,
Y-clad in bright-robed beaming innocence,
Did not my heart’s first friendship bow to thee?
If I be false, from sun and moon on me,
And falling stars proclaim my fatal destiny! —ELIZA.”

As if the greater or lesser lights were at all concerned in the maintenance of such a friendship!

Tossing this Album away in disdain, I took up another, in which I soon discovered the following specimen of the bathos:—

“TO LAURA.

It was an hour of bliss supreme,
When first upon my view
She rose, of every bard the theme,
My Laura, it was you!

Enthrall’d my spirit oft had been
By maidens passing fair;
But which had thy commanding mien,
And who thy raven hair?

Maid of the bold and peerless brow,
Give but one smile benign,
With all my goods I’ll thee endow,
And I’ll be ever thine!”

In the next volume I examined, I found some lines “To the Moon;” (a novel subject indeed!) but if I could have given the learned writer credit for having read Shakspeare, I should say he must have had the apostrophe of *Pyramus* in his remembrance:—

“Sweet Moon! I love thy ardent beam,
So calm, so pure, so bright!
Well may’st thou be the poet’s theme,
Thou empress of the night!

Sweet Moon! from whose inspiring ray
My bright ideas spring,
More favouring than the brilliant day,
Thy well-earned praise I sing!

Sweet Moon! I love thy glassy face,
Which seems to smile on me;
That smile portends that no disgrace
Shall mar my minstrelsy!

Sweet Moon! when I am hoary grown,
I’ll still thy votary be,
And as I to the grave go down,
I’ll pay my vows to thee!”

Sheer blasphemy I should say; but poets never seem to take such things into consideration.

The next is a specimen of idolatry of another description:—

“TO JULIA.

For happiness I vainly sought,
And found that not on earth,
For money it could e’er be bought,
For ’twas of higher worth.

* “Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.”—Midsummer Night’s Dream, Act 4.

To ask a hermit next I hied,
If care was e’er his food;
O, gentle youth, he soon replied,
Care dwells with solitude!

(One would have thought the hermit might have known better, but see how he directs the pilgrim.)

Long may’st thou search the world about,
Fond youth, and search in vain,
But seek that ancient town of note,
Near Sarum’s wide-stretched plain.

And while each swift pursuer flies
To chase a glow-worm spark,
Go, sun yourself in *Julia*’s eyes,
And you have hit the mark!”

After turning over the contents of all the volumes, I came decidedly to the resolution of reserving my pen for more important purposes than to fill such pages. The only piece of sense I found, bears internal evidence of schoolboy origin, and was so much in unison with my own feelings, that, unstudied and homely as are its expressions, I thought it superior to all the high-flown expressions of sentiment I had previously read:—

“Album is white, at least if I

My Latin hasn’t forgot—

Album is white, and therefore why

Should I its nature blot?

For poetry is all ‘my eye.’

And I shall write no more:

I will not try to versify,
For Albums are a bore.—J. D. scripsit.”

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF IMPROVEMENT AMONG SAVAGES.

To persons interested in the improvement of the savage races of mankind, by the efforts of Christian missionaries, we cannot recommend a more gratifying subject of contemplation than the past and present state of manners of certain tribes of Indians inhabiting the western coasts of North America, as adverted to in Mr Washington Irving’s lately published work, “The Adventures of Captain Bonneville.” This adventurous pioneer of the American fur trade, in the course of his long and painful journey from the valley of the Mississippi and Missouri across the defiles of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific, falls in with a number of tribes of Indians, of various casts of character and manners. Some are perfect imps of mischief, and wage incessant war with their neighbours, while others are comparatively mild and peaceful, and subsist almost entirely on roots and herbs.

It does not appear that the worthy captain investigated the distinctive traits of the Indian character with any thing like the eye of a philosophic inquirer, but we gather enough from his casual observations to conclude, that here, as well as elsewhere, man is the creature of circumstances, and conducts himself in a way very much in agreement with the manner in which he has been treated. Wherever the white men have acted with a considerate gentleness and peaceful persuasion, there the Indians are well behaved and mild in manner; and wherever aggressive violence has been employed, especially if accompanied by the introduction of intoxicating liquors, there the Indians are savage and vengeful—in fact, greatly deteriorated from their original simple character. It has been generally represented that the stoical indifference and native pride of the North American Indians, have formed an almost insurmountable obstacle to their reception of Christianity, but nothing of this kind appears in the accounts gathered by Mr Irving from Captain Bonneville’s narrative. On the coast of California, and other districts adjacent to the waters of the Pacific, Christianity has been introduced with the most signal success, and led to a very extensive melioration of the habits of the natives. For one thing, vindictive wars betwixt tribes, which are at the present day rapidly extirpating the Indians of the interior, have been abandoned by these Christianised races; and the arts of peace, with a taste for the comforts of civilised life, are now spreading amongst them. The tribes which have chiefly been improved in this manner are those known by the names of the Skynses, Flatheads, and Upper and Lower Nez-Percés, or nose-pierced Indians; and the missionaries who have converted them, or at least altered their manners, have, as we are told, been certain Jesuit, Franciscan, or other zealous propagandists of the Roman Catholic church, deputed from Spain and other European countries. The following is Mr Irving’s account of the settlement of the Jesuits in this extreme western part of the American continent:—

“The peninsula of California was settled in 1698 by the Jesuits, who, certainly, as far as the natives were con-

* Adventures of Captain Bonneville, or Scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. 3 volumes. Bentley, London.

erned, have generally proved the most beneficent of colonists. In the present instance, they gained and maintained a footing in the country without the aid of military force, but solely by religious influence. They formed a treaty, and entered into the most amicable relations with the natives, then numbering from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls, and gained a hold upon their affections, and a control over their minds, that effected a complete change in their condition. They built eleven missionary establishments in the various valleys of the peninsula, which formed rallying places for the surrounding savages, where they gathered together as sheep into the fold, and surrendered themselves and their consciences into the hands of these spiritual pastors. Nothing, we are told, could exceed the implicit and affectionate devotion of the Indian converts to the Jesuit fathers; and the Catholic faith was disseminated widely through the wilderness.

The growing power and influence of the Jesuits in the new world, at length excited the jealousy of the Spanish government, and they were banished from the colonies. The governor who arrived at California to expel them, and to take charge of the country, expected to find a rich and powerful fraternity, with immense treasures hoarded in their missions, and an army of Indians ready to defend them. On the contrary, he beheld a few venerable silver-haired priests coming humbly forward to meet him, followed by a throng of weeping, but submissive natives. The heart of the governor, it is said, was so touched by this unexpected sight, that he shed tears; but he had to execute his orders. The Jesuits were accompanied to the place of their embarkation by their simple and affectionate parishioners, who took leave of them with tears and sobs. Many of the latter abandoned their hereditary abodes, and wandered off to join their southern brethren, so that but a remnant remained in the peninsula.

The Franciscans immediately succeeded the Jesuits, and subsequently the Dominicans; but the latter managed their affairs ill. But two of the missionary establishments are at present occupied by priests; the rest are all in ruins, excepting one, which remains a monument of the former power and prosperity of the order. This is a noble edifice, once the seat of the chief of the resident Jesuits. It is situated in a beautiful valley, about half way between the Gulf of California and the broad ocean, the peninsula being here about sixty miles wide. It is now abandoned and desolate; the beautiful valley is without an inhabitant—not a human being resides within thirty miles of the place! In approaching this deserted mission-house from the south, the traveller passes over the mountain of San Juan, supposed to be the highest peak in the Californias. From this lofty eminence, a vast and magnificent prospect unfolds itself; the great Gulf of California, with the dark-blue sea beyond, studded with islands; and, in another direction, the immense lava plain of San Gabriel. The splendour of the climate gives an Italian effect to the immense prospect. The sky is of a deep blue colour, and the sunsets are often magnificent beyond description. Such is a slight and imperfect sketch of this remarkable peninsula.

There are about twenty-one missions in this province, most of which were established about fifty years since, and are generally under the care of these Franciscans. These exert a protecting sway over about thirty-five thousand Indian converts, who reside on the lands around the mission-houses. Each of these houses has fifteen miles square of land allotted to it, subdivided into small lots, proportioned to the number of Indian converts attached to the mission. Some are enclosed with high walls; but in general they are open hamlets, composed of rows of huts, built of sunburnt bricks; in some instances whitewashed and roofed with tiles. Many of them are far in the interior, beyond the reach of all military protection, and dependent entirely on the good will of the natives, which never fails them.

They have made considerable progress in teaching the Indians the useful arts. There are native tanners, shoemakers, weavers, blacksmiths, stone-cutters, and other artificers, attached to each establishment. Others are taught husbandry, and the rearing of cattle and horses; while the females card and spin wool, weave, and perform the other duties allotted to their sex in civilised life.

The produce of the lands, and all the profits arising from sales, are entirely at the disposal of the priests; whatever is not required for the support of the missions, goes to augment a fund which is under their control. Hides and tallow constitute the principal riches of the missions, and, indeed, the main commerce of the country. Grain might be produced to an unlimited extent at the establishments, were there a sufficient market for it. Olives and grapes are also reared at the missions. Recent surveys have likewise been made, both by the Russians and the English; and we have little doubt, that at no very distant day, this neglected, and, until recently, almost unknown region, will be found to possess sources of wealth sufficient to sustain a powerful and prosperous empire.

With respect to the Lower Nez-Perce, who deal with the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, in regions to the north of the Californian Indians, it is mentioned, that they have received Christianity in an incidental manner, by the efforts of intelligent persons engaged in the fur traffic.

Mr Pambrun, superintendent of a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, "informed Captain Bonneville, that he had been at some pains to introduce the Christian religion, in the Roman Catholic form, among them; where it had evidently taken root, but had become altered and modified to suit their peculiar habits of thought, and motives of action: retaining, however, the principal points of faith, and its entire precepts of morality. The same gentleman had given them a code of laws, to which they conformed with scrupulous fidelity. Polygamy, which once prevailed among them to a great extent, was now rarely indulged. All the crimes denounced by the Christian faith, met with severe punishment among them. Even theft, so venial a crime among the Indians, had recently been punished with hanging, by sentence of a chief.

There certainly appears to be a peculiar susceptibility of moral and religious improvement among this tribe: and they would seem to be one of the very few, that have benefited in morals and manners by an intercourse with white men. The parties which visited them about twenty years previously, in the expedition fitted out by Mr Astor, complained of their selfishness, their extortion, and their treacherous propensities. The very reverse of those qualities prevailed among them during the prolonged sojourns of Captain Bonneville."

At a subsequent part of Mr Irving's work, he introduces an equally interesting account of the melioration of manners among the Skynes, Flatheads, and Upper Nez-Perce.

These (he proceeds) "have a strong devotional feeling, which has been successfully cultivated by some of the resident personages of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sunday is invariably kept sacred among these tribes. They will not raise their camp on that day, unless in extreme cases of danger or hunger: neither will they hunt, nor fish, nor trade, nor perform any kind of labour on that day. A part of it is passed in prayer and religious ceremonies.

Some chief, who is, generally, at the same time what is called a 'medicine man,' assembles the community. After invoking blessings from the Deity, he addresses the assemblage; exhorting them to good conduct, to be diligent in providing for their families, to abstain from lying and stealing, to avoid quarrelling or cheating in their play, and to be just and hospitable to all strangers who may be among them. Prayers and exhortations are also made, early in the morning, on week-days. Sometimes all this is done by the chief from horseback; moving slowly about the camp, with his hat on, and uttering his exhortations with a loud voice. On all occasions the bystanders listen with profound attention; and at the end of every sentence, respond one word in unison, apparently equivalent to an amen.

While these prayers and exhortations are going on, every employment in the camp is suspended. If an Indian is riding by the place, he dismounts, holds his horse, and attends with reverence until all is done. When the chief has finished his prayer, or exhortation, he says, 'I have done,' upon which there is a general exclamation in unison.

With these religious services, probably derived from the white men, the tribes above mentioned mingle some of their old Indian ceremonies: such as dancing to the cadence of a song or ballad, which is generally done in a large lodge provided for the purpose. Besides Sundays, they likewise observe the cardinal holidays of the Roman Catholic church.

Whoever has introduced these simple forms of religion among these poor savages, has evidently understood their characters and capacities, and has effected a great amelioration of their manners. Of this, we speak not merely from the testimony of Captain Bonneville, but likewise from that of Captain Wyeth, who passed some months in a travelling camp of the Flatheads.

"During the time I have been with them," says he, "I have never known an instance of theft among them: the least thing, even to a bead or pin, is brought to you, if found; and often things that have been thrown away. Neither have I found any quarrelling, nor lying. This absence of all quarrelling the more surprised me, when I came to see the various occasions that would have given rise to it among the whites: the crowding together of from twelve to eighteen hundred horses, which have to be driven into camp at night, to be picketed; to be packed in the morning: the gathering of fuel in places where it is extremely scanty. All this, however, is done without confusion or disturbance.

They have a mild, playful, laughing disposition; and this is portrayed in their countenances. They are polite and unobtrusive. When one speaks, the rest pay strict attention: when he is done, another assents by "yes," or dissents by "no;" and then states his reasons, which are listened to with equal attention. Even the children are more peaceable than other children. I never heard an angry word among them, nor any quarrelling; although there were, at least, five hundred of them together, and continually at play. With all this quietness of spirit, they are brave when put to the test, and are an overmatch for an equal number of Blackfeet."

The foregoing observations, though gathered from Captain Wyeth as relative to the Flatheads, apply, in the main, to the Skynes also. Captain Bonneville, during his sojourn with the latter, took constant occasion, in conversing with their principal men, to encourage them in the cultivation of moral and religious habits; drawing a comparison between their peaceable and comfortable course of life, and that of other tribes: and attributing it to their superior sense of morality and religion. He frequently attended their religious services, with his people; always enjoining on the latter the most reverential deportment; and he observed that the poor Indians were always pleased to have the white men present.

The disposition of these tribes is evidently favourable to a considerable degree of civilisation. A few farmers, settled among them, might lead them, Captain Bonneville thinks, to till the earth and cultivate grain: the country of the Skynes and Nez-Perce is admirably adapted for the raising of cattle. A Christian missionary or two, and some trifling assistance from government, to protect them from the predatory and warlike tribes, might lay the foundation of a Christian people in the midst of the great western wilderness, who would wear the Americans near their hearts."

It is impossible not to feel grateful to Mr Irving for having thus, for the first time, as far as we are aware, brought prominently into view the reclaimable character of the North American Indians, and shown that they require only to be treated with gentleness and consideration, in order to be raised from a state of barbarism to civilisation. How lamentable is it to think that several centuries have passed away since

the country of these Indians was laid open to the introduction of Christianity, and all the refinements which dignify human nature, and that yet how little has been done in the good cause, or rather, we should say, how much of positive deterioration has been deliberately effected! These lamentations, however, over this long course of mismanagement, are now useless. Those who feel anxious for the establishment of a right course of things, have now had the subject brought fairly under their attention, and let them act accordingly. If we were allowed to give an opinion with respect to the best means to be adopted for at once christianising and otherwise improving the condition of these Indians, we would suggest that a plan should be followed very different from that usually pursued with missionaries from this country. The missionaries to be employed on this hazardous and difficult undertaking need not be clergymen, in the usual sense of that term, but be intrepid individuals, combining the character of the trader, physician, and religious teacher, who would readily catch up the humours of the roaming bands among whom they travelled, and gain their respect by the assistance and advice which they could offer them. It was thus, by acting at once as instructors in trade and handicrafts, as teachers of the principles of religion, and as kind medical advisers, that the clergy of Iona first christianised the savage tribes of North Britain, and it is very obvious that it was by following a similar plan that the Jesuits christianised the Indians of California, Brazil, and many other districts of the American continent.

BRODIE,

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE TALE.

RATHER more than fifty years ago, no citizen of Edinburgh bore a fairer repute, and few were in more affluent circumstances, than William Brodie, who carried on an extensive business as a wright and cabinet-maker in the Lawnmarket. His father, who had attained the honour of being convener of the trades of Edinburgh, left him this business, together with a patrimony which has been stated so high as ten thousand pounds.* In the prime of life, and the enjoyment of high prosperity, young Brodie was, in 1781, introduced into the municipal council of his native city, where he conducted himself in all respects as a sound-minded and respectable member of society.

Gradually the mind of this man was estranged from the sober occupations of the thriving tradesman. He formed disgraceful connections with more than one individual of the opposite sex. He contracted a taste for play, and became noted for his expertness in the use of cards and dice. What more than any thing else tended to dissolve virtuous principle in his nature, was a love of the horrible sport of cock-fighting, which necessarily led him into the company of the lowest of mankind. All of these vices were then unusually fashionable in Great Britain, as well as on the continent; and it is not surprising that, even in the comparatively quiet city of Edinburgh, one tradesman should have been found to shipwreck himself by imitating a course of life for which some of the highest personages in the land set the example. This, it may be remarked, was peculiarly a time when the extremes of society met on one common ground of taste; the gay, the titled, and the fashionable, finding their favourite pleasures in habits which appear naturally fitted for only the meanest of the illiterate and vile, while the middle classes remained in a great measure uncontaminated. Brodie was a rare instance for his country of a member of the middle class corrupted by the fashionable vices; and for his being so, some explanation may perhaps be found in the great wealth he had inherited. It will appear strange, that, notwithstanding his growing depravity, he continued to maintain a decent character. For this the very lowness of his habits was favourable. The scenes into which they led him were far beneath the ordinary observation of his equals in society; and though he might be known as a man of

* Brodie lived in a house at the bottom of a close which latterly bore his name. Attached to it were a court-yard and suite of workshops, in which he carried on his business. The house, of substantial structure and considerable interior decoration, had been built in 1570 by William Little, a wealthy merchant of Edinburgh, ancestor of the Littles of Liberton, whose name in full, with the date, was inscribed over the door, while his initials ornamented every corner-stone of the building. This ancient structure, by virtue of the original entail, continued to be the property of Mr Little Gilmore of Craigmillar (representative of the Littles of Liberton), till it was recently purchased by the Commissioners under the Improvement Act, and taken down. The newly opened street, called Victoria Street, passes close beneath its site, and over, or rather through, the ground once occupied as a place of business by Brodie.

profligate life to many humble persons, still, as their sphere was widely apart from that in which he ordinarily and ostensibly moved, he ran little risk of the kind of exposure which alone was to be dreaded. It thus often happens in populous cities, that men, of whom nothing but what is honourable is heard in respectable circles, and whom any jury of equals would be disposed to acquit of any degrading charge upon the mere strength of character, would be found, if traced into some obscurer portions of society, to be openly talked of as tarnished by very gross vices. The safety of such individuals is in the non-intercourse of the various classes into which the community is divided.

Brodie, therefore, continued to maintain a decent character, and to sit as the deacon of his trade in the town council, even while addicted to the lowest vices, and keeping the most infamous company. If any danger of exposure existed in his case, he possessed sufficient address and hypocrisy to obviate it. At length his profligate course of life led to its natural consequence, pecuniary embarrassment. He then became a habitual attendant of a nightly club of gamblers, where, probably, he rather injured than bettered his fortune. Here he encountered men still more infamous than any he had formerly known—among the rest, two infamous fellows, natives of England, Ainslie and Brown, the latter of whom was a pardoned felon. At the cock-fighting establishment he at the same time became acquainted with a hawk from England, of the name of George Smith, in reduced circumstances, whom he seems to have been the means of leading into crime. It was in the year 1786 that he formed the acquaintance of these men, and began his career as a burglar; and yet, till October in the ensuing year, he continued to be a member of that very body of which it was the appointed duty to prevent and punish at least the minor class of offences against the law.

Nocturnal shop-breaking, while probably the species of depredation in which Ainslie and Brown had gained most experience, was obviously that for which Deacon Brodie's professional ingenuity best fitted him: it was also a kind of crime not inconsistent with that maintenance of a decent daylight deportment before society, which Brodie to the very last seems to have been anxious to keep up. Accordingly, the citizens of Edinburgh, amongst whom shop robberies had previously been almost unknown, were surprised to observe the commencement of a series of such depredations, executed in a manner so very expert and dexterous as to add considerably to the alarm which they could not fail to excite. Goods were missed from shops of which the usual fastenings bore no appearance of injury. In one case, a copartnership of jewellers, consisting of two brothers of the name of Bruce, lost goods to the amount of £350, which proved the means of ruining them. It was afterwards ascertained that Brodie acquired the means of robbing these men by being employed in some business respecting their locks, in the ordinary course of his trade. His associate Smith, furnished by him with proper keys, robbed the shop, and divided the booty with him. Besides the opportunities with which his trade as a joiner might thus furnish him, he is said to have had others, which arose from the simple and unsuspecting habits of the Edinburgh shopkeepers. It was then by no means uncommon for them to hang their shop keys behind the door, within reach of customers standing in front of their counters. Brodie, with a piece of putty in the palm of his hand, found no difficulty, it is said, in taking impressions of the wards, from which he could easily furnish himself with duplicates. That he really availed himself to any considerable extent of this artifice, may perhaps be doubted; but it is certain that it was used by one of his associates in at least one case. Other strange tales were afterwards told of Brodie. For example—a lady, kept from church one Sunday, and confined to her chamber by indisposition, was, during the time of divine service, and in the absence of her servant, surprised by the entrance of a man with crape over his face. He very coolly took up the keys lying on the table before her, opened her bureau, and took out a considerable sum of money that had been placed there. He meddled with nothing else, but immediately locked the bureau, replaced the keys on the table, and, making a low bow, retired. Upon the exit of her mysterious visitor, the lady, who had been panic-struck the whole time, exclaimed, "Surely that is Deacon Brodie." But the unlikelihood of a man of his character and station being capable of such an act, kept her silent upon the subject, until his proven criminality assured her that it was he who had committed the deed.

In the latter part of 1787, emboldened by success in lesser enterprises, Brodie began to meditate a robbery of considerable magnitude, that of the General Excise Office of the country, in which he calculated that a considerable sum of money must at all times be kept. The business of this public office was then conducted in a plain building, resembling a common dwelling-house, situated in Chessel's Court in the Canongate. It was in accompanying a country friend of the name of Corbett, who had occasion to draw money in the office, that the idea first occurred to him. Under the pretence of making inquiries about this Mr Corbett, he afterwards called several times at the office, in order to acquaint himself with the interior of the house; and on one of these occasions, Smith, who accompanied him, was enabled unobserved to take an impression in putty of the wards of the house key, which was

hanging on a nail. One evening in November, an experiment was made in opening the outer door with this key; but no further step was taken for some months. At length, on the 5th of March 1788, all fitting preparations having been made, the confederated burglars proceeded about this dangerous, and, as it proved, fatal undertaking. The cashier and other officers of the establishment were in the habit of closing it at eight o'clock; from which till ten, when a watchman was placed, it had no protection but in the strength of the doors and the publicity of its situation. This interval was selected for the execution of the contemplated robbery. Early in the evening, the burglars met in Smith's house, in the Cowgate, where they had supper. Brodie, who came late, was dressed in dark clothes, which he had put on for the purpose, instead of a light-coloured suit which he had worn during the day. If the exculpatory evidence of a relative is to be believed, he had spent the afternoon in entertaining a small party of his nearest kinsfolk, namely, his sister, his brother-in-law, and his aunt, from whose society, it would appear, he had rushed to the commission of this criminal act. He appeared before his comrades in high spirits, and, holding up a pistol before their eyes, in a theatrical attitude, sang the well-known chant from the *Beggars' Opera*—

Let us take the road!
Hark, I hear the sound of coaches.
The hour of attack approaches;
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold;
Let the chemists toll like asses—
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns our lead to gold.

Besides a couler of a plough, which they had stolen from a field near Duddingston, and which they called the *Great Samuel*, a crow-bar which they denominated the *Little Samuel*, and a pair of curling-irons, they had a store of small keys and a double picklock. Immediately after eight, they proceeded to the Excise Office. Ainslie was left in the outer court with a small pipe, with which he was to give the alarm if necessary, one whistle indicating the approach of one person, two whistles of two persons, and so on. The outer door being opened, Brodie took his station there, while Smith and Brown broke open the inner doors with the couler and crow-bar, and speedily gained the cashier's room. With a light obtained by means of a dark lantern, they spent half an hour in searching for cash, but found only about sixteen pounds, where they had hoped for as many hundreds. A concealed drawer in one of the desks contained about £600, but this they did not discover. While the two rogues were thus engaged, Ainslie and Brodie had experienced a dreadful alarm. About half an hour after the close of the office, Mr James Bonar, deputy-solicitor of excise, recollected a circumstance which made it necessary for him to go back to his business-room. He found the outer door on the latch, which gave him no surprise, for it was easily conceivable that some of the chief officers might not yet have left the house. As he went in, a person in black—namely, Brodie—brushed past him and went out; but neither did this give him any alarm. He went up stairs to his business-room, and, after tarrying a few minutes, again left the office. Ainslie, on seeing one person go in and another immediately after come out, gave the concerted signal of alarm, and ran off. Brodie also left the place. Smith and Brown did not hear the signal, nor any other noise till Mr Bonar came down stairs to retire, when they cocked their pistols, of which each had a pair, determined not to be taken without a desperate resistance. They then withdrew with their spoil, and by nine o'clock they and Ainslie had returned to Smith's house. Brodie they did not see till next morning.

The robbery, on becoming publicly known next morning, excited much attention, and every imaginable expedient was adopted in order to discover the perpetrators. On Friday evening, the second night after, the four thieves met at Smith's house, and divided their spoil; immediately after which, Brown, the pardoned felon, went to the office of the procurator-fiscal or public prosecutor, and offered to give evidence respecting the robbery. This worthless wretch had seen an advertisement from the Secretary of State's office, offering pardon and reward to any one who should give information respecting a recent case of shopbreaking, in which he, but not Brodie, had been concerned. Calculating that he should now obtain remission for both offences at once, he had determined to take this step—had gone, with the resolution in his mind, to meet his associates and receive his share of booty, and then coolly proceeded to expose them to the vengeance of the law. He did not, however, on this occasion, mention the name of Deacon Brodie. It is supposed that he calculated on making the reputable citizen pay a better price for the concealment of his share of guilt, than he could obtain from the public authorities for disclosing it. Ainslie, Smith, and some of their domestic connections, were immediately apprehended in consequence of the information given by Brown.

When Brodie learned what had taken place, he deemed it necessary to provide for his safety by flight. He left the town on Sunday, and proceeded by Newcastle to London, where he found refuge within five hundred yards of Bow Street, in the house of a female of evil fame, whom he had formerly known in Edinburgh. Next day, Brown having now declared Brodie's guilt, his house and workshops were searched, when his pistols were found buried in the earth in the

woodyard, and a number of picklocks in a chest. A keen search was made for his person. It was known that some time before, a youth, who, while under sentence of death, had escaped from prison, found refuge for several weeks in a mausoleum in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. All these mausolea were now searched for the person of Deacon Brodie, but in vain. Mr George Williamson, king's messenger, then set off in pursuit of him to London. He was traced to Dunbar, and thence to Newcastle, but no farther. While Williamson remained in London, Brodie saw him twice on the street, but, being disguised, was not recognised in return. The messenger, after proceeding to Margate, Dover, and other ports on the coast, without obtaining any trace of the culprit, returned to Edinburgh. Brodie also saw the advertisements in which he was described, and a reward offered for his apprehension. After he had spent about ten days in London, an agreement was made by an attorney of the name of Walker, with Messrs Hamilton and Pinkerton, owners of the *Endeavour*, of Carron, trading between London and Leith, to take on board a sick gentleman, and cause him to be landed at Flushing, while the vessel was on its way to Scotland. Towards midnight, on the 23d March, the owners came down with the sick gentleman, and got him put safely and quietly on board, but without giving any particular orders to the skipper. In proceeding down the river, the vessel got aground at Tilbury Point, where she remained ten days, the sick gentleman, in the mean time, going twice on shore with the master and other passengers. When fairly out at sea, this person, who called himself Dixon, gave a letter to the master from the owners, in which they ordered him to be conveyed to Flushing. The vessel accordingly changed her course. Brodie—for he was the sick gentleman—now committed an act of imprudence much at issue with the dexterity and shrewdness shown in his general conduct. He gave a fellow-passenger of the name of Geddes three letters to take down with him to Scotland, and to deliver to certain persons there, signed with his own name, and in one of which he admitted his concern in the robbery of the Excise Office. Thus was a clue given which ultimately led to his apprehension and conviction. In one of the letters, addressed to Michael Henderson, a dissolute companion who kept a cock-pit, he requested to know how the last main went, how his favourite black cock fought, and so forth. In another, he implores his brother-in-law to attend the sale of his effects, to purchase his tools for him, and send them out to America, as it was his design to go there and begin the world anew. The third letter, addressed to an unfortunate woman named Anne Grant, expressed a tender concern about their children, whom he knew to be now destitute; he feared and deplored the prospect that was before them, but hoped they would not be allowed to starve in a place where their father was known to have always been liberal to the poor.

Brodie landed at Flushing on the 8th April, with seven guineas and a very poor stock of clothing, and the vessel pursued its way to Leith. On arriving there, Geddes, who was a tobaccoist at Mid Calder, soon heard of the guilt and flight of Deacon Brodie, and became convinced that that person was the same with Dixon. He then opened the letters, which plainly proved the fact. He did not, however, immediately make known the important evidence which he possessed. In Scotland there is a general disinclination, springing from the warmth of the domestic feelings of the people, to be concerned in exposing a malefactor to punishment. Geddes therefore paused about a month before informing any one that he possessed the letters. He was at length induced to call on the Honourable Henry Erskine, advocate, to inquire what he ought to do with them. Mr Erskine, having been professionally consulted in Mr Brodie's affairs, declined, on a point of professional etiquette, to give him any advice. The circumstance was now, however, no longer a secret, and Geddes, almost immediately after, received a visit from the procurator-fiscal, who prevailed upon him to deliver up the letters to the sheriff. This took place about the end of May.

Information was immediately sent to the British consul at Ostend, by whose aid Brodie was traced to Amsterdam, where, it afterwards appeared, he had made all proper preparations for sailing for America. Through the instrumentality of one Daly, an Irishman, he was apprehended in an alehouse, ensconced within a cupboard which just admitted of his standing upright. He was lodged in the Stadthouse, identified, and taken in charge by a messenger of the name of Groves, whom he soon after accompanied to London, whence he was brought by Mr Williamson to Edinburgh. On this last journey he was in good spirits, and told his conductor many anecdotes of his adventures in Holland. Even after finding himself in the wretched prison of Edinburgh—the famed *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—he continued cheerful. A friend, calling for him one day, found him singing, "Tis woman that seduces all mankind," from his favourite *Beggars' Opera*, of the hero of which he was in many respects a realisation. A portrait of him, taken while in prison, represents him with cards and dice-boxes on the table beside him. On the 27th of August, he was tried, with his accomplice Smith, before the High Court of Justiciary, Ainslie and Brown saving their own lives by giving evidence against their friends. The guilt of Smith appeared direct and conclusive; that of Brodie was substantiated by a strong chain of circum-

stantial evidence, supported by his own avowal in one of the fatal letters. An attempt was made to prove an *alibi* in his favour, by means of his mistress Jean Watt, and Mr Erskine made an eloquent pleading in his defence. "That a man," he said, "descended from a respectable family, in a rank of life infinitely remote from indigence, of a creditable employment, and filling offices of honour and trust among his fellow-citizens—that such a person should be guilty of the crime charged, would require a very strong proof indeed. For, as a poet of our own country, who is still alive, observes,

The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon,
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them."

The barrister acknowledged that his client had unfortunately fallen into bad habits and bad company, which had been the means of bringing him into his present situation; but shame, and not guilt, had been the consequence. He insisted strongly on the worthlessness of the evidence of Ainslie and Brown, and on the strength of the evidence for the *alibi*, and explained the allusion in the letter as applicable to a dark gambling transaction, in which Brodie had cheated a chimney-sweep, and which actually was the subject of a pending litigation before the Edinburgh magistrates. But the presiding judge (Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield), in a few pithy words, overturned all the effect of this harangue; and the jury, after a trial of upwards of twenty-four hours, unanimously found both prisoners guilty. They were accordingly sentenced to be executed on the ensuing 1st of October. The behaviour of Brodie during the whole trial was perfectly collected. He was respectful to the court, and when any thing ludicrous occurred in the evidence, he smiled as if he had been an unconcerned spectator. His demeanour on receiving the sentence was equally cool and determined.

The subsequent conduct of this singular person was very much that of the opera hero above alluded to. He not only spoke with undaunted resolution of his approaching end, but could even ridicule the circumstances under which it was to take place, calling it a leap in the dark. He declared himself innocent of all crimes except that for which he had been condemned, and this he endeavoured to palliate as one by which no individual had been perceptibly injured. On learning that two other convicts under sentence of death in the same prison had been reprieved for six weeks, he professed to hear the news with pleasure; and when his fellow culprit remarked that the respite was but for a short period, he cried, "George, what would you and I give for six weeks longer? Six weeks would be an age to us." Hearing preparations making for the execution at the end of the prison, he observed that the noise was like that made by ship-builders: "too much preparation," he added, "for so short a voyage." As befitted so calm a mind, his mode of life was remarked as abstemious. The only failure of his firmness took place on receiving a farewell visit from his daughter, a child of ten years; the falling tear then confessed his sensibility to one of the tenderest of emotions. On the fatal afternoon, he appeared on the scaffold in a handsome suit of black, with his hair dressed and powdered, while his companion Smith was attired, according to a not infrequent custom of that time, in the habiliments of the grave. Though he spent some time in prayer with the attendant clergyman, his general deportment was marked by something like levity. He scanned the apparatus with the cool air of a professional man, and half jestingly desired Smith to mount first. Having mounted himself, he found the rope too short—descended till it was made longer—ascended again, and found it still too short; when he once more stepped lightly down, and waited till it was made somewhat longer. Being at length satisfied, he re-ascended, helped the executioner to adjust the rope, shook hands with a bystander, whom he desired to acquaint his friends that he died like a man, and went carelessly out of the world, with his hand slung in the breast of his vest.

It was afterwards said that the easy demeanour of this unfortunate man was in some degree owing to an arrangement which he had made for having his life restored. This was done in concert with a French quack of the name of Peter Degrauers, who had marked the veins in his temples and arms with a pencil, that he might afterwards bleed him with precision and dispatch, while the executioner was bargained with for a short fall. After the body was cut down, it was hurried along for some distance in a cart, from an idea that the violent motion, as in a former noted instance,* might be of service in reviving the system. All the contemplated expedients are said to have been tried in vain: it was supposed that the rope had ultimately been too much lengthened, so as either to effectually suffocate him, or break his neck.

Such was the lamentable end of Deacon Brodie—a criminal so entirely singular in Scotland, that he perhaps attracted much more notice at the time, and has been more spoken of since, than his case may seem in another country to deserve. Coolly judging of his guilt in the present humaner times, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that life was in his case too wantonly dealt with. It does not seem to have oc-

curred to any one at the time, that Brodie might have received a lighter punishment without injury to society. If tried in the present day, perpetual banishment would certainly have been the severest sentence inflicted on him. The cases of Dodd and the Perreaus are nearly contemporary ones, in which life was also thrown too lightly away. Severity in all these instances defeated its own end, for much more sympathy is felt for the piteous fate of the victims, than horror for their crimes; and in reading their story, we only shudder at the revolting vindictiveness of the so-called justice of that day.

JASON CREEL,

AN INCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THEMISTS of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country, from far and near. At Aylesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil; not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment; or the cries of a little nursing heard, betokening that, in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged, and ill-natured schoolboy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whisky, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamour of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There, chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the hymn ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailor, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final, interview, had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveller, who had borne him company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him; and although the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "Bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said, "The dream—the dream!" "What dream, Mr Jason?" said the sheriff; "you would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this disagreeable business." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a grey dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly, 'This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.'"

The officers and jailor held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man

in grey with the white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being ascertained by a supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn-book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him, with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase; he looked, and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "There is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller," and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had concealed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had successfully concealed; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband was heard of again.—*Old American paper.*

GAMBLING ANECDOTES.

I ENTERED the principal gambling-house of the Palais Royal, and staked a small sum. Luck was against me; and it was not till I had lost five times that I desisted. One sat opposite to me who seemed to have astonishing success. What envy and malice came over me as I watched this successful player sweeping his winnings into a small canvas bag, and tempting fortune again and again, without meeting a repulse to his temerity: I sighed, and walked towards the roulette table, at which I remained about half an hour, amused with looking on, and remarking the various changes of countenance, as the numbers proved favourable or adverse; I then asked for my hat, and descended the well-worn staircase, heartily regretting the broad gold pieces I had left behind me. I shortly after entered the Milles Colones, bowed to the *timon-diere*, received one of her sweetest smiles in return, took an ice, and again made my way into the garden, threaded its mazes, thinking unutterable things, and at last reduced to gaze at *Ursa Major* and look on Orion's Belt (the brightest ornament in a winter's sky), for want of thought. I had not been five minutes thus engaged, and was leaning against the palisade, near the cannon which on every bright day at noon is fired by the rays of the sun, when the near report of a pistol created a sudden alarm amongst those who were walking about the spot where I stood. We ran towards the place from whence the noise came, and found a man weltering in his blood; his hat lay at a small distance from him; his head, as he fell, had struck against the marble circle of the basin; and his hand grasped a morocco pocket-book with gold clasps, and a small canvas bag. I assisted those who stood near the body to remove it towards the *Galerie de Bois*, and I shall never forget the sensation I experienced when, on looking at the face, I discovered the features of the successful gamster; successful he had been while I was in the room: the canvas bag, emptied of its contents, and his present condition, told too plainly how the game had gone after I left. There was nothing in the appearance of the suicide that denoted penury or unhappiness. His costume was that of a retired officer; a blue military undress frock, with the ribbon and cross of the legion of honour appending to a button hole; a hat à la Bolivar; light black pantaloons; hessians; a riding whip, mounted in gold, with an amber head; a pair of kid gloves, on which, with some surprise, I remarked the word "Dundee;" and white cravat of *batiste*, marked A. A. V. He was of that age at which any one might reasonably suppose he was married; or he might have a mother, or sister, or some aged relative, depending on him for support. Alas! where was their hope now? where was the husband and father? where was the son, the brother, the benefactor, at whose coming the old had wept, and the young smiled?—where was the prop of age, the hope of youth, where the delight of both? Dead! and by his own hand; an assassin the worst of murderers, for he had done that which left no time for repentance; he had forgotten that the Everlasting had fixed "his canon against self-slaughter," and had rushed with all his sins upon his head into the presence of an avenging Deity! The body was removed by order of the commissary of police, to La Morgue, and was owned the day after by some relative, I think a cousin.

I remember a story was in circulation at this time concerning a soldier of the king's body-guard (every member of which is noble), who, besides immense gains, had broken the bank at Prescati's, in the Rue de Richelieu, three times in one week. Such unusual good fortune on the part of the "man-at-arms" had excited great rancour in the breasts of the proprietors of the table, and they determined to do all they could, not only to gain possession of the sums they had lost, but also to ruin him who had won them. It happened that the young life-guardsmen were ordered to Lyons, on which order coming to the ears of the great men of Prescati's, they resolved to send down a certain number of agents to that city, to establish a hazard-table, and decoy their intended victim to his ruin. The success of their plans exceeded their hopes; he played, lost his winnings; borrowed from his

* That of Margaret Dickson, who was hanged sixty years before for infanticide. This person revived in the course of being carried to Musselburgh in a cart.

friends, and lost; and at length made free with the money which belonged to the regiment, and passed through his hands; this soon went too. He awoke to the full sense of his situation, to the loss of his honour, and to the unworthiness of wearing the maiden sword he had never fleshed. Ashamed to appear before his superiors, and unable to account in a satisfactory way for his deficiencies, he died the gamester's death, by shooting himself in a field near Lyons, on the very morning he was to have been married to a young lady, who, when the dreadful event was communicated to her, lost her senses, and died with her reason wrecked, at her father's residence, near Bourdeaux.—*The Albion*.

STUDY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

[From a work just published—"Man, in his Physical Structure and Adaptations, by Robert Mudie."]

In our endeavours to trace the analogy between place and office on the one hand, and organisation on the other, as these present themselves to our contemplation in the animal kingdom, it is of little consequence what animal, what part of an animal, or what active state of an animal, we take as our means of illustration, so that we take it as it exists in free nature, and without any of those changes and restraints which are imposed upon it by human means.

One great advantage of the subject is, that any one may observe and understand it, without any expense of preparation or loss of time. The inhabitant of the country may do it in the time when he is occupied, whether simply in his own manual labour, in managing the strength of animals, in superintending the labours of others, in watching over their conduct or their health, or simply in beautifying, adorning, and rendering more fruitful that portion of the soil of his country over which the charges of life have made him steward, and of his stewardship over which he may rest assured that he must one day give an account. Even in the most crowded part of the most extended city—the part most remote from any thing green and growing—there is still a remnant of nature, in which, small as it is, the perfection of natural adaptation may be observed; so that we cannot imagine one spot within the land, at which man has not some means of applying the analogy, and ascertaining the purpose for which he is sent into the world. The sparrow and the house-fly accompany man into the most retired court or alley; and there is more of real instruction in their living action, and the structure which fits them for that action, than there is in the most costly and curious museum of skins, skeletons, and mutilated fragments of strange creatures, of which the habits and the uses in nature are not known.

Any one of these very common creatures is quite enough for putting us in the way; and if we can make a beginning, we are sure to go on. The house-fly is the most general, the most easily observed, and the most curious. Its purpose in nature is to consume various substances which are given out by the human body, by articles of food, and by almost every animal and vegetable production when in a state of change, and given out in such small quantities that they are not perceptible by common observers, neither are they removable by the ordinary means of cleanliness, even in the best kept apartment. For the performance of this office, the fly has a command of the house far greater than he who calls the house his property. He may have built it, and he can pull it down, but still he is not so completely at home in it as the fly is. So that, whether it be cottage or palace, the fly, if it had any power of speech, might say to the man, "You have laboured and built, but it has been for my accommodation; for that which is to you merely a shelter, affords me all that I require, in food, in clothing, and in habitation." And though the fly has no voice of any kind, or any passage of air by the mouth, yet the lesson which it affords us is not less intelligible or instructive than if it were given in the most eloquent and appropriate language that man can use. Indeed, it is more so; for it has all the freshness of originality, and goes immediately to the mind, while the other is only at second-hand, and the words may sound in the ear, or be seen by the eye in reading, without making the least impression, or leaving even the simple memory that they have been heard or seen.

The structure of the feet of the fly, by means of which it can walk upon any surface, whether rough or smooth, and whether presented upwards, downwards, sideways, or with any degree of obliquity, is a very curious matter. It runs up the smooth glass of the window with more apparent ease than it can ascend the best constructed staircase; and it can alight from the wing, or take the wing again, in any direction. When flying, it has the back uppermost in the same way as a flying bird or a walking quadruped; but it can instantaneously start from its position on the window with the back outwards, and settle, after its flight, upon the ceiling, with its back downwards. So easily, so quickly, are these turnings of the body effected in the fly, that we cannot observe the performance of them, though we are certain that they must take place; and such is the power of wing in this small and apparently insignificant creature, that it can mount up almost, if not altogether, in a perpendicular line, and that without our being able to observe the motions of its wings. The motions of the small gnats which come out when the air is still and warm, especially after a shower, but sometimes over the snow, are still more remarkable. Not one of them, in all probability, sees the light of two days; and they are known to common observers only as sporters in the atmosphere; and yet they present almost the utmost perfection of organisation for motion that we can name. The whole assembly are like a changing cloud; now spreading, now contracting, now rolling like a ball, now revolving in circles, and performing more evolutions than we have words to apply. Then, while the whole mass are thus continually moving, each individual is as continually changing its relative place among the rest; and if the position of the sun upon the pearly films of their little wings is favourable, their paths

beautify the air with countless little rainbows, varying and shifting, and appearing and vanishing, in a manner the most extraordinary. There are few places at which these may not be seen; but though they present a very beautiful display, we cannot examine them so closely as we can the house-fly, and hence they are not so instructive.

It has often been said that this fly is enabled to move along smooth surfaces, which are vertical or turned downwards, by means of suckers on the feet, which adhere by the pressure of the air; and in some of the books there are accounts of the way in which these suckers act, accompanied by figures of them. But this is at variance with the analogy, and also with the fact. There is no foot of any animal which adheres by means of a sucker, and is used alternately with other feet in walking; and it is doubtful whether, in the cases of animals which adhere by what are called suckers, they really use those organs as such, or whether they merely apply the fine papillae to those surfaces to which they adhere. Be that as it may, the fly certainly adheres to the glass by means of the pads on the feet, and the little claws at their extremities; and the wings are always ready to come into action if the claws should not be able to retain their hold.

THE ANCIENT SPINSTER BEAUTY.

[From a volume of Poems, by Mrs G. G. Richardson. London, 1823.]

When I was young and passing fair,
The men in crowds came flocking round me;
Each with polite, discerning air,
Some potent grace or merit found me.

My mother bade me not be vain,
Said beauty was a fleeting treasure,
And sense and goodness were the twin
In which alone the wise took pleasure!

But old and young, and wise, alike
Seem'd with my slender stock contented:
How could such saws conviction strike,
To which no mortal art assented?

I saw poor homely Merit grope
Her way to coach or chair unaided;
And proud Protrusion lonely mope.
Where Beauty with her train paraded.

I heard papas their daughters chide
For vanity, and dress, and flirting,
Who quite good-humoured by my side
Thought all I did and said diverting.

I found that rosy Nonsense charm'd
Where wrinkled Wisdom oft was slighted;
Sage critics by a smile disarm'd,
Divines, with sparkling eyes delighted.

Where'er the merits were review'd
Of nymph new-launched in town or city,
The question was not, Is she good?
But, Tell me, tell me, is she pretty?

Mammas, who met in social chit,
Would sometimes trife, discussing duty,
Decorum, virtue, and all that—
Had still a friendly word for beauty.

What noses, lips, and cheeks, and eyes,
And form, and grace! I oft heard ponder'd;
And then—for graver thoughts would rise—
At folly and conceit they wonder'd!

I wonder'd too—for, preach who may,
Youth reasons from effects, not causes;
I pleased, was always right, then say,
Could I distrust the world's applauses?

Girls without charms, who strove to please,
Who wore the fashions Beauty sported,
Those were the vain, the foolish these,
And I the wise—for I was courted!

And 'twas no vanity to lend
A meek assent when others praised me;
'T had been presumption to contend,
And pride to spurn the throne they raised me.

But O, when fifteen years were flown,
I found my empire had departed;
For wrinkles came, and youth was gone,
And lies, courtiers, all deserted!

Well! let them go, who beauty prize,
A gaudy flower, not worth preserving!
I still may charm the good and wise,
And be of lasting fame deserving.

I trimm'd the lamp, I turned the page,
I woo'd each muse of hill or grove;
Track'd science through each modish stage—
For hope to please was still my motto.

And when the wretched sought my door
(For charity was now in fashion),
With chemistry I drugg'd the poor,
And patronised the nymph's Compassion.

Schools I endowed, cot-gardens plann'd;
To make contentment more contented;
Shook knowledge o'er the clod-pole land,
And pauper luxuries invented.

I loved the poor in days of yore,
And some loved me, and praised my beauty;
But now I must bring something more
Than smiles or alms to win their duty.

And was this all—was love of fame
The only motive that could move me?
Papas, mammas, share ye the blame;
Nor, beauty worshippers, reprove me.

The visions of my infant head,
Like daisies in the sun delighting,
Look'd all to heaven from their green bed,
Ere yet disclos'd to flattery's blighting.

I had no doubt, I had no thought,
But goodness was life's only pleasure;
Kind deeds the daily work she wrought,
And pity her hoarded treasure.

Why fled those dreams of happier hour?
Why was the work I love deserted?
A root was wanting—and the flower
Sufficed to please the hollow-hearted.

CUNNING OF THE SERPENT.

Cardinal Perron says—"That the serpent is an excellent symbol of cunning," and assigns as a reason why it is so, "because it never carries its head directly before its body to the place it is desirous of reaching; in this," he adds, "it resembles a cunning man, who never betrays his intentions by his words or gestures."

CHARACTER OF A DETRACTOR.

To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection, upon an undesigned action; to invent, or, which is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report, without colour and grounds; to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase, and probably would hazard his life to secure; to rob him at the same time of his happiness and peace of mind; perhaps his bread—the bread, may be, of a virtuous family; and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, and saith, "Am I not in sport?" all this, out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate.—*Sterne*.

THE DEATH OF ST SWITHIN.

St Swithin was a priest, and a very holy man—so holy that he went by no other name than that of the blessed priest. He was not like the priests now-a-days, who ride about on fine horses, with spectacles stuck upon their noses, and horsewhips in their hands, and polished boots on their legs, that fit them as nate as a Limerick glove (God forgive me for *spaking* ill of the *clergy*, but some of them have no more conscience than a pig in a p'ratie garden); Saint Swithin was not that kind of priest, no such thing; for he did nothing but pray from morning till night, so that he brought a blessing on the whole country round; and could cure all sorts of diseases, and was so charitable that he'd give away the shirt off his back. Then, whenever he went out, it was quite plain and sober, on a rough little *mountainy garran*, and he thought himself grand entirely if his big old-fashioned boots got a rub of the *grass*. It was no wonder he should be called the blessed priest, and that the people far and near should flock to him to mass and confession, or that they thought it a blessed thing to have him lay his hand on their heads. It's a pity the likes of him should ever die, but there's no help for death; and sure if he wasn't so good entirely, he'd have been left, and not be taken away as he was; for 'tis them that are most wanted are the first to go. The news of his death flew about like lightning; and there was nothing but *ullagony* through all the country—and they had no less than right, for they lost a good friend the day he died. However, from *ullagony* they soon came to fighting about where he was to be buried. His own parish wouldn't part with him if they got half Ireland, and sure they had the best right to him; but the next parish wanted to get him by the *laure laider* (strong hand), for they thought it would bring a blessing on them to have his bones among them; so his own parishioners at last took and buried him by night, without the others knowing any thing about it. When the others heard it, they were tearing mad, and raised a large faction, thinking to take him up and carry him away in spite of his parishioners; so they had a great battle upon it; but those who had the best right to him were beat out and out, and the others were just going to take him up, when there came, all at once, such rain as was never seen before or since; it was so heavy that they were obliged to run away half *drowned*, and give it up as a bad job. They thought, however, that it wouldn't last long, and that they could come again; but they were out in that, for it never stopped raining in that manner for forty days, so they were obliged to give it up entirely; and ever since that time there's always more or less rain on St Swithin's day, and for forty days after.—*Croker's Legends of Killarney*.

CHARACTER OF GAMESTERS.

Be assured, that although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice, or a deficiency of what in physics is called stimulus and excitability, is the cause of it; neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue.—*From Imaginary Conversations by W. S. Landor*.

WHITEWASHING EXTRAORDINARY.

The Rev. Mr Williams, in one of his narratives, gives a laughable account of the effect produced on the natives of one of the South Sea islands by a successful attempt which he made to convert the coral of their shores into lime. After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for food, what was their astonishment when, in the morning, they found the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow! They danced, they sang, they shouted, they screamed for joy. The whole island was soon in commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity. The *bon ton* immediately voted the whitewash a cosmetic and a Kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself could she but enhance her charms by a daub of the whitening-brush. And now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilised countries, as to who was or who was not entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank and riches; a second had got the brush, and were determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They even did not scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to procure. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment, but was white as snow; not an inhabitant but what had his skin painted with the most grotesque figures; not a pig but what was similarly whitened; and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed infants.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

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